BRACING UP.

A Story of Camp Life in War Times.

By John Habberton, Author of "Helen's Babies," "All He

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CHAPTER IV., Continued.

Of course everybody wanted to try the gloves everybody at once and the owner left Tom to decide who should use them. The question was difficult to decide, but Tom finally selected the most persistent users of clubs and trapeze and announced that glove practice would be restricted to the men who were most faithful at other exercises, so there was a sudden increase of club swinging in

the company street. But the glove experiment, even at its best, was of doubtful benefit to camp athletics. Nearly every man wanted to spar with the owner of the gloves. To be knocked down by the conqueror of the Philadelphy Bantam was more glorious, in the estimation of the crowd, than to be victorious over the biggest man in the camp. The Mouse was nothing loth to display his skill, so he worked so steadily that on the third day he was com pletely exhausted and had to resign himself to rest and tonics. He still had the interest of the regiment at heart, however, so he suggested to Tom that several "punching bags" be made. His plan was adopted, greatly to the disgust of those men who preferred bruising to exercise; these found their cousolation in resolving to order gloves for themselves as soon as the paymaster would enable them to do so.

The punching bags were made by filling grain sacks about half full of hay, tightly twisted and packed, with a little dirt at the bottom to give weight. They were suspended from the ceilings of the highest buts, and the earlier settos with them made a great deal of fun for spectators. In the largest buts there was none too much room for a bag to swing after being struck, and the man with the gloves usually had to stand aside quickly to avoid being hit by the bag on its return swing. To obviate this difficulty the glove men took turns in stopping the bag as it came back. One day, while Tom Mottray was instructing an awkward fellow in the science of bag-punching, some one behind him asked him a question. As he turned his head, just after an extremely vigorous punch, to answer, the bag came back without bindrance; Jim Fait, who should have caught it, explained afterward that he had let it go just to see what it would do. He saw, but Tom did not. neither did he see anything else, except, per-haps, a million or two of stars, for the bag, which had been heavily weighted, struck him in the back of the head and knocked him with great force against the closed door, and the door, although it made as much noise as if it were badly hurt, did not yield a hair's



TOM AND THE MULE PARTED COMPANY. breadth. Tom's nose did, and to such an ex-

tent that it had to be carried in a cold water poultice for the remainder of the day. c Indeed, Tom might have gone into invalidregular duty was too busy. He had started five different varieties in the camp-running, club swing-ing, rope climbing, football and boxing-and some of his admirers classed the Russian bathing among the sports. More than haif of his own company indulged regularly in one or more of the these facilities for exercise, and in the other companies, in spite of some exclusiveness, there were at least a bundred men who consulted him frequently on points of physical culture. In keeping with the spirit of his agreement with the colonel he made himself entirely accessible and accommonat-ing, helped all men and sets who attempted to have gymnastics without going to the quarters of company C. After gaining his point by boasting until all other companies were exasperated to a high degree of emula-tion, he became as fair minded a judge as any one could ask, deciding often, in impromptu competitive struggles against his own com-rades. He began to think that the lieuten-

antey would cost all it could be worth.

The colonel's football duly reached camp
and the first game played with it was a grand
success. True, the sides were of only twenty
men each, but as the whole regiment turned
out as spectators and roared incessantly durout as spectators and roared incessantly during each match; there was no lack of excitement. Beside, the piayers were as savage
and reckless as any lot of college boys, so it
became the custom for one of the surgeons to
be on the ground during a game to give
prompt attention to the wounded; this indication of possible bloodshed enhanced, if possible, the delights of piayers as well as spectators.

tators.

The Indian club prize was won by Preacher, and a great load was thus taken off Tom's mind, for the winner not only declined the canteen of whisky which was to supplement the money prize, but he would not even entertain the suggestion that he should take it and pass it around among his

should take it and pass it around among his friends. Even the money he did not rotain, but privately asked 'Tom to give it to the Mouse, in recognition of the splendid service he was doing to men who lived quiet, by keeping the 'Terriors' peaceable by surfeiting; he m with stories of fighting.

Meanwhile, the spirits of the regiment were notably improving. The men were out of doors far more than before, and many became as playful as a lot of overgrown puppies. The spirit of mischief, as manifested by practical joking, became as common as in their new found sense of freedom, seemed irrepressible. All the old tricks were resurrepressible. All the old tricks were resur-rected, and new ones were devised.

To one of these the founder of the gym-To one of these the founder of the gymnasia owed the most exciting experience of his life. One morning he borrowed for about the tenth time the mule, Daniel Webster, with the mule's cart, to haul some wood for the bath house. Daniel was the pride of the regiment; he had more admirers that all the wagon horses and officers chargers combined. The fittle Rutterray he was a the wagon horses and officers chargers com-bined. Like little Buttercup he "was a plump and pleasing creature," for beside his regular rations of corn, oats and hay, he re-ceived dully in the aggregate a large quantity of bread, and not a little sugar from soldiers who would feed him bit by bit, their super-fluous rations, merely to see his coaxing antics. He was always full blooded anough to enjoy a lively trot, and the men sometimes slyly loosed him, to see the blissful capering siyly loosed him, to see the blissful capering in which he always succeeded in indulging, before being caught and taken back to his

Tom left the animal and cart standing at the head of company C's street while he went to his hut for a hatchet. It occurred to some son of Belial to so dispose the harness that when Tom started again the mule and cart would part company. The trick was entirely satisfactory to the man who played it; the shafts of the cart came down with a bang, the reins slipped from Tom's fingers and then Daniel trotted off and tried to nibbic some

Daniel trotted off and tried to nibbic some dried pine needles from a bough with which some men had ornamented the front of a hut on Thanksgiving day.

Tom spang forward to secure the mule; Daniel also sprang forward with intentions diametrically opposite; Tom sauntered off obliquely to disguise his intentions; Daniel eyed him suspiciously a moment and then moved collapsely in the opposite direction. Tom got a bit of bread and tried coaxing, but the mule was not hungry just then, apparently he was too happy to eat, or perhaps he had been infected by the regiment's athletic crazs and wanted to prolong and vary his exercise. All this was as gratifying to the spectators All this was as grainlying to the spectators at to the nuile, but to Tom, whose every mement was precious, it was first annoying and then enraging. Beaide, it is depressing to any man's sense of dignity to follow all the

vagaries of a mule who has no sense of re sponsibility, and it is more than depressing to have fifty or more people observing the operation and laughing at its fruitlessness. Worse than all though and terribly weakening to self-control is to be subjected at such a time to a steady drizzle of advice on the theory and results of manufactures. by when the victim is morally sure that his advisers, singly or collectively, never caught

a mule in their lives.

So when Tom had heard and rejected a score or two of suggestions, and big Billson, who had just joined the throng of observers, began an oracular delivery on the art of securing runaway mules and detailed several of the plans which, unknown to him, had already been offered, Tom lost his temper and

"If you know so much about the business, me and catch him yourself!" Billson was nothing loth to put his theory whatever it was, into practice. As for Dan-iel Webster, he stood still and looked at Tom in a manner that seemed almost remorseful; he looked as if he were about to approach and surrender of his own free will. The volunteer catcher could not have had a better opportunity, for Daniel seemed seemed oblivious to bis existence. The reins lay upon the ground The reins lay upon the ground right behind Dables, with a loop accommodatingly to one side and out of the range of the animal's heels. To catch a mule una-wares is no ordinary honor, particularly when there are numerous witnesses, so Billon prepared to make assurance doubly sure by removing his shoes so that he could move

Then he advanced on Daniel in exquisite tyle; but for the movement of his feet be night have been taken by any one in front of might have been taken by any one in front of him for a statue, so motionless were his arms and head. Tom also stood stock still; his worst enemy would have been welcome to a triumph just then, if by gaining it Tom might once more be able to put Daniel in the cart and go for wood. As for Daniel, he seemed a petrified mule; no one had ever before seen him quiet so long. Tom afterward declared that Daniel winked at him with one eye—winked as plainly as man ever did, but the significance of the act was not comprehe significance of the act was not compreended at the time.

Billson's advance continued until it seemed to the lookers-on that by stooping forward quickly he could seize the roins before Daniel could move. But Billson was not toing to imperil his chance by any sudden novement; even the rustle of clothing can be heard by a mule, whose long ears were not made merely to be laughed at. Billson slipped along until the toes of one foot were within an inch of the reins. None of the hundred or more men who were looking on spoke; they scarcely breathed, the tension was se extreme. Billson advanced his right foot to the side of the left; then, instead of stooping quickly, he sank slowly-almost im stooping quickly, he sank slowly—almost im-perceptibly—to a sitting position, until his body rested upon his heels. Even then most men would have snatched quickly at the reins with the right hand; Billson, on the contrary, softly put out both hands and both touched the reins at the same time.

At that supreme fraction of a second Dan-iel Weisster, his gaze atil fixed upon Tom-

iel Webster, his gaze still fixed upon Tom, wheeled his hind quarters sharply to the left and in air; there was a sound, as of a nammer striking a well-filled barrel, and Billson rapidly went through motions suggestive of a scarecrow being knocked to pieces. As for Daniel Webster, he cast just one glance upon his would-be captor and then manifested his give by a little eestacy of mule see-saw, rising alternately upon his front and hind feet. The whole crowd of observers expressed sympathy for him by laughing uproariously and hurling all sorts of surcastic remarks at the dejected Billson. How long this cruel sport might have continued is unknown at the present writing, for Tom Mottrey and long transfer. Tom Mottray suddenly muttered. ound the brute!" and started in rapid pur-

Daniel understood the meaning of this movement, but, like a true philosopher, pro-ceeded to turn it to his own advantage. He trotted all over the camp, skilifully avoiding, however, his own stable and every other place from which he could not safely retire. t was not in human nature for the other soldiers to see a chase and not join in it, so soon there were scores in hot pursuit, and the number increased every moment, for Daniel made known what was going on by dashing through company streets and be-tween huts, with the panting crowd behind him. Once he seemed caught by his own folly, for he found himself wedged between one hut and the cross-stick chimney of the next one. If his head had been where his next one. If his head had been where his tail was he might have been caught, but after Billson's experience no one cared to touch any of the rear portion of the harness.

"Run around the hut and grab his bridle," shouted some one.

Two men started. Instinct, or perhaps a

correct understanding of the English lan-guage, caused Daniel to try to back out. This attempt being discouraged by a lame man who belabored him with a cane, Daniel made one more effort to go forward and he went, so did the chimney, which fell upon one of the men who were to spatch the bridle. The other man succumbed, with a scream, to a well-delivered bite on the shoulder and again

"Make a ring around him!" shouted Tom.
"There are enough of us to corral him; then
some one can catch him before he has time to kick somebody else.

The crowd spread rapidly into a large cir-ile. Daniel stopped and studied this movement; he turned slowly and soon understood the enemy's intention. Then he dropped his head a little, which caused a farmer soldier o remark: "He's givin' it up."

Evidently the farmers' experience had been confined to horses, for mules do not give up. Daniel's attitude was not one of dejection; it was solely meditative. The sage beast waited until the circle was formed and the men began to close distance; then he took his bearings, declared his intentions by a vigorous kick in the air, dashed through the circle and made straight for the breastworks. "Follow him closely!" shouted Tom. "Keep him well closed in all around! The breastworks will stop him."

The men did all that was expected of them but the breastworks did not. They were barely six feet high, and although vertically walled inside with logs along their entire length there were amateur bomb-proofs at

length there were amateur bomb-proofs at length there were amateur bomb-proofs at points. Over one of these, built in "lean-to" form, Daniel made his way to the parapet; a sentry tried to stop him, but retired when Daniel advanced his hindquarters. Tom sprang upon the parapet from the opposite direction and the crowd massed behind.

Daniel "took in" these demonstrations. Behind him was defeat and captivity; before him was a wide, broad expanse of soil

fore him was a wide, broad expanse of soil with not a man upon it. He raised his tail, uttered a loud bray, gathered all his feet together, slid down the slope and into the ditch escape was easy enough. Then he made straight for the enemy's works. Every one sprang upon the parapets to gaze at him; no one was afraid, for, although

gaze at him; no one was alraid, for, although
the lines were within gunshot of each other,
unarmed men were seldom or never fired upon, for it was not the "business season" in
military affairs. Suddenly Tom exclaimed:
"I don't propose to have that mule charged
against my pay if I can help it."

Then he too slipped down the slope, clambered out of the ditch and flew after Daniel
Webster. The crowd was speechless for a

Webster. The crowd was speechless for a moment with amazement. Nevertheless it was a crowd; for the time being a mere mob in respect to its likelihood to follow a leader in anything whatever. So when Preacher exclaimed, "He never can catch him without he of and only on the property of the whole

exclaimed, "He never can catch him without help," and joined in the pursuit the whole crowd swarmed after.

At first the enemy's sentries, of whom only two were in sight, did not observe the movement; when at last they saw what was going on they were too astonished to do anything but stop and stare. But Daniel Webster did not stop; he continued in his course, regardless of the slight abbattis in front of the enemy's works. Indeed, with the perversity which is the leading characteristic of mule nature, he preferred the hardest way of deing anything. Worse still, none of the men ing anything. Worse still, none of the men seemed to forsee the probable operation of one mule trait. Daniel saw the enemy's breastwork, it was a slight elevation, but no mule in existence, when at liberty, over loses

an opportunity to climb to the highest attainable ground in sight. He did not know what reception might awa't him; it is equally cer-tain that he did not care.

tain that he did not care.

The men had more knowledge, but apparently not a bit less recklessness. Their blocd was up, and if Daniel went into the enemy's camp they were going too. And Daniel went. As he got out of the ditch and began to scale the slope, where he could not raise his hind feet to kick, Tom clutched the reins and gave a mighty jork. But the bit in Daniel's mouth was not a curb and the mouth itself was not delicate, so the brute dragged Tom along to the parapet, where in self defense Tom had to let go. Theu Daniel sprang into the rebel camp and away among the huts, followed by not less than a hun-dred union soldiers, not one of whom had any weapon larger than a knife.

To startle the average southerner is not easy. He is a terrible fellow when excited as his enemies have often learned to their sorrow; but ordinarily he is as splendidly imperturable as the North American Indian. Nevertheless he is human, so amaze-ment sat enthroned upon the visage of every man whom the mule chase passed that mornring in the ebel camp. But the "Johnnies" soon comprehended the

situation. They also understood the ways of mules, for the mule himself is a southerner; at the north he is almost an exotic. The denizens of the southern camp were just as weary as their enemies of doing nothing in winter quarters; they were equally frantic for some new sensation, so before Daniel had been in the camp two minutes there were several "graybacks" among the pursuers, and the number increased so rapidly that two minutes later it was hard to tell which color predomi-

nated in the mass of uniforms.

nated in the mass of uniforms.

How the officers of the confederate camp regarded this invasion no one thought to inquire; the mule was enough to think of for the time being for he threaded the ways and byways of the camp as industriously as he had those of his own. He might have continued to do so until the shades of evening hid him from view had it not been for some bands notes which the ways water from his bugle notes which the wind waited from his own camp. It was "dinner call" and Daniel, mule though he was, knew it as well as any soldier, for daily when that call sounded he received a hatful of oats. The men did not understand, until the stable or-derly afterward explained, why Daniel turned abruptly at this call and made for his own camp, but turn he did. He found his way over the enemy's works, dashed through the unfinished abattis, across the neutral ground, over the union breastworks and into

ground, over the union breastworks and into his own camp.

And after him came all of his original followers, no one in the enemy's camp having attempted to detain them. With them came a large number of confederates, Military visits are usually returned with promptness, but never before had a call been returned quite so soon as this. The "Johnnies" did not exhibit the slightest curiosity in their new surroundings: like their temporary assonew surroundings; like their temporary asso-ciates they saw only the pointed cars and graceful hindquarters of the tireless Daniel

But although seeing nothing they were not unseen. The officer of the guard was in a ter-rible state of mind about them and so was the officer of the day; as for the colonei he could hardly believe his eyes when the noise made by the host thundering down the parade

car make a alsfastor rep rt po the nater and ward off and board of inquiry or court-martial. I have special reasons for wanting to avoid any rouble in the matter, as—well, listen carefully to the special order on parade to-night."

And again Fem Mottry, having gone with fear and trembling to the colonel's quarters, returned to his own with his mind in the most chearful condition imaginable, again

most cheerful condition imaginable—again his comrades, who knew he had been taken to the colonel under curred and had returned a free man, regarded tim with curiosity not unmixed with awe. But neither fatigue, elation nor interviews by comrades made Tom neglectful of he purpose, so rudely frustrated by Daniel Webster, to get a load of wood for the Russian bath. Then there was a game of football to manage, some quarrels over rope-climbing to be adjusted and a full bath to be taken, so Tom had not much time in which to wonder what allusion the colonel would feel it necessary to make, in orders at parade, to the Daniel Webster

Parade took place at sunset and with it came the customary reading of orders. There was the usual routine sentences of regimental court-martial, promotions and re-ductions of non-commissioned officers, etc. etc., until Tom felt assured that the colonel had thought best to drop the Daniel Webster episode from official consideration. But sud denly the young man started as if he had just been subjected to an electric shock, for he adjutant read as follows from the special

order of the day;
"For general fitness and for special ser vice in raising the regimental standard of physical efficiency Private Thomas Muttray, Company C, has been appointed Second Lieutenant by His Excellency the Governor of the State of New York and will be obeyed and respected accordingly. Lieutenant Mot-tray is hereby assigned to Company K, vice Second Lieutenant Smith, resigned."

Tom had previously supposed that no one ever listened to special orders, but suddenly he changed his mind, for as his name was mentioned he received a vigorous dig in each side, from the cloows of the men to the right and left of him, and the man behind him tapped him on the shoulder, while from the extreme left of the rear rank, where all the short men were, he heard the thin voice of Wurrekin's Mouse pipe forth:
"Hip-hip-!"
"Sh-h-h!" hissed the orderly sergeant of

the next company, who stood aimost beside little Murt; a serious breach of discipline was thus averted, for the company was preparing to cheer on parade—a sin almost as terrible as to laugh aloud in church. The next sound Tom heard was simply appailing it came from the Adjutant, and was as fol

"Private Mottray to the front and centre-Orders had to be obeyed, so Tom did as instructed. When he reached the centre the adjutant ordered:

"Forward, March!" Again Tom obeyed. When he was within hree paces of the adjutant that officer said Then the adjutant shouted the conventional

"Officers to the front and center. March!"
As usual when this order was given, the and began to play, the officers-in line in

colonel, and three or four paces to his left."

Again Tom did as he was bid; meanwhile
the adjutant had fronted the officers and

marched them up to the colonel in the cus-

mary manner, shouted, "halt!" and all

"Gentlemen." said the colonel returning

the salute, "I want to make you acquainted with your coming associate, Lieutenant Mottray. You all know what he has attempted, in accordance with my instructions,

to do for the regiment's physical well-being, and you also know how well he has suc-ceeded. Come, Mottray, you can't afford to

This was the colored's invariable joke

whenever a private or non-commissioned offi

cer was promoted, so all the officers dutifully laughed; then, although few of them had previously deigned to recognize Tom's exist-

previously deigned to recognize fom's exist-ence or work, they severally greeted him as heartily as if he were an old friend, and Tom, who had never forgotten the manners of a gentleman, carried himself with such

composure as to make a very good impressio

"Mottray I want you to take your supper with the field and staff tonight."

Tom wondered how his private dirty uni-form would look among the good clothing the

officers were in winter quarters; he also wondered how and where he could obtain a uniform befitting his new position, when the

colonel turned away, and the adjutant slap-ping Tom on the shoulder called him 'old boy," led him to his own but, explaining on

the way that the colonel had been so satisfied with his work that he had recommended him

for promotion a week before, that his com-mission had arrived that very day— at least a month before it was expected—and that the colonel had been so amused by the mule chase incident that he had insisted on announcing the promotion at once instead of

holding it in reserve some time; he had even been so thoughtful as to borrow an officer's uniform coat from another lieutenant of about

Tom's height and figure The said coat was in the adjutant's tent and he, the adjutant,

was sure that the sooner he would put it on and call on the colonel the better pleased the colonel would be.

and can on the colonel the better pleased the colonel would be.

Tom lost no time in following the adjutant's suggestion, and the colonel welcomed him with effusiveness almost fatherly. The supper was not very different from that supplied at the company cook-house, but there was milk for the ceffee, and after the meal ended the party amoked cigars instead of pipes and lounged in comfortable camp chars and not upon the floor. The company did not break up until tattoo roll-call, and then Tom was informed that quarters were ready for him in the subalterns' tent of Company F. When he went to inspect them the hut was empty, the first lieutenant being engaged listening to the company roll-call, so Tom dropped into a chair beside the table and took from his pocket the photograph of the dear-

from his pocket the photograph of the dear-est girl in the world, "The only light in the hut was found from a single candle, which was probably the reason that Tom brought

was probably the reason that I'om brought the picture so near his eyes that it repeatedly touched his lips.

As for the regiment, it was in such fine condition when the spring campaign opened that the colonel was made brigadier general 'for special efficiency in maintaining the physical condition of his command.' But Tom was not jealous, for the new general made him aid 'de-camp and gave him a few days' leave of absence.

A New Move.

on his new associates.

snub commissioned officers any longer.'



THE OFFICERS SHEATHED THEIR SWORDS AND MARCHED TOWARD THE CENTER.

saluted

brought him to the door of his hut. What to their swords, faced inward and marched do he did not know; it would be inglorious. I toward the center, where they were joined rather than otherwise, to capture a lot of unarmed men, but he certainly could not endure the idea of a lot of rebel soldiers prancing and howling through his camp. To add to his perplexity the officer of the day came to him for orders, and the lieutenant colonel, who was an excitable little fellow, wanted to know

what the colonel was going to do.

Meanwhile Daniel Webster continued to maintain the lead by several lengths, but he suddenly ended the chase by dashing into his stall and beginning to munch oats as indus-

riously as if he had never possessed an idea of doing anything else. There was an awkward silence in the crowd so suddenly brought to a halt; it grew more awkward as the men who did not belong in the camp looked at those who did, and then at each other. Finally one of them asked: "Durn it! What do you s'pose you uns

officers'll do to we uns!"
"Don't wait to find out," said Preacher.
"Git while you've the chance." "We'll help you've the chance."
"We'll help you," said Tom, "by pretending to chase you. Leg it, boys; it's a pity we can't keep the acquaintance, but now and here aren't the time and place. Come along."
Off started the whole gang, and none too soon, for the officer of the guard was just approaching the stables with a degree or more proaching the stables with a dozen or more men. The graybacks saw him and feared,

but Tom panted.
"They daren't shoot—they'd kill some of their own men, but—leg it boys—leg it while you can." The visitors followed Tom's advice to the

best of their ability, although they, like their blue-coated followers, were badly winded. As the whole crowd dashed up the parade the colonel muttered to the officer of the day. "I do believe that fellow Mottray is help-ng us out of an infernal puzzle." The confederates went over the works just

where Daniel had first showed a way and as they reached open ground they saw an imnense reception committee awaiting them on their own lines. The Two Hundredth's boys had sense enough to stop within bounds, but several cumbed the works far enough to see their late associates get out of harm's way. And Tom Mottray was immediately arrested by the officer of the guard, who, assisted by a file of men, conducted the culprit to the colo-nel and reported. "This is the man, colonel, who I am told

led the crowd to break guard and go into the enemy's camp and brought rebel soldiers back "Leave him to me," said the colonel, gruffly, for now that responsibility for the rebels was off of his mind he began to feel indignant at the disturbance, the cause of which he had

not yet learned,
"Young man," said he, "if you don't get
your commission, and do get a severe court
martial sentence, you need blame only yourmartial sentence, you need blame only yourself. You ought to know that such a wild
trick as this is utterly, shockingly contrary
to good order and military discipline, and
can't by any stretch of discipline be condoned. How came you to begin it?"
"It was all for the sake of saving government property, sir," said the prisoner.
"What do you mean?"
In reply Tour told the story of the start for

In reply foin told the story of the start for wood, the trick with the mule's harness, and then the escape of Daniel Webster. As it occurred to Tom that the disturbance had be-gun in the colonel's own camp, and the colonel might be held to account for it, he laid great stress in his explanation upon his feeling, as he followed the clusive Daniel over the breastworks, that were the mule to escape the government would be that much the loser, and the enemy that much the

"I do not deny," said Tom in conclusion,
"that I lost my head over the thought that
were the enemy to get Daniel, the value of
the beast would be stopped against my pay,
A hundred and fifty dollars charged to a soldier on \$13 a month, would have a terribly saddening effect upon the payee, colonel."

"Good—good!" said the colonel who had not heard the latter part of the story at all.

"You followed the mule to save the govern-

ment property, which was a purpose entirely praiseworthy." 'Thanks-many thanks," said Tom "And you did not ask the enemy for assistance!—they took part in the chase of their own accord t "Entirely.

"And you didn't even ask any of your con rades to help you recover the mule from out-side the lines, let alone from inside the enemy's camp?"
"Not a man; men never need be asked to follow in a chase, colonel; doesn't that agree

Leslie & Leslie, 16th and Douglas, C. J. Frice, Millaru Hotel, W. J. Hughes, 2324 Farnam, 624 N. 16th, J. W. Clark, S. 29th & Woolworth ave. A. Shroter, 1523 Farnam.
All the above named leading druggists handle the famous Excelsior Springs, Missouri, waters and Soterian Ginger Ale. The Private.

Maurice Mc Kenna.

It was duty alone in his bosom that glowed To discharge to his country the debt that he This was the loadstar, the sanctified shrine Of the patriotic private that cheered in the

Ask your grocer for Cook's Extra Dry Imerial Champagne. Its boquet is delicious, with your military experience!"

"It certainly does. Well, I don't see but I and it is perfectly pure. Try it.

Clothing manufacturers are mortals and make errors. They will buy thousands upon thousands of yards of cloth in all sorts of patterns, and, too oftentimes, that which looks the handsomest in the piece looks the poorest made up, and makes the poorest "seller" in the lot. They lay in the wholesaler's loft year after year, the sewing loses its strengh and the goods often become moth eaten. By the retailers of this country that class of suits are petnamed "bull pups;" "ranks," "chestnuts," etc., but they are finally sold to some far western fellow for little or nothing. The jobber's loss is the retailer's gain, who ships them home and yells to the workingmen, "Bargains, Bargains, Great Bargains," when, in fact, he is making lots of money on a lot of old, dark, bad patterns that the workingman east of Chicago wouldn't buy at any price. That is one reason why a western man in the east is often pet named and spotted at once as the "western hoosier."

Show us a clothing house anywhere in the United States of thirty to forty years standing, and we will show you a house that never resorted to that class of trickery. For the custom bained is only temporary at best.

THIS WEEK **WE OFFER**

An endless variety of New, light, bright sparkling and attractive

Cassimere, Cheviot, Worsted, Fancy and Plain Black



That will please any workingman, banker, lawyer, doctor, merchant or clerk, and not a single suit but what was

Made This Season.

The above sale includes 162 young men's fancy pattern Cheviot Suits with the best of fancy satin lining, in the coat as well as vest back. Also a full line of indigo Grand Army Suits, warranted not to fade all

> Our store is bristling with activity, and we mean to keep it up. We are showing the largest and finest line of

In all imaginable kinds of goods and shapes.

Our line of-

Neglige Shirts

Is as complete as that of any house in the land and all our, other departments are equally as complete.

We Have Got the yes by the Horns.

And we mean to hold what we have gained---"The lion's share of the trade,

amassed after thirty-seven years of honest dealing,



Corner 13th and Farnam Streets